

Contents May Settle

A giant cockerel crows on our kitchen ceiling.
The wall announces *Village to Cut Out and Keep*.
Our house sits snug between the post office
where a sleeping tabby fills the parcel scale
and the bakery whose buns pile up
like a pyramid of soft brown stones.

We weren't gestated in any womb,
you understand, let alone conceived.
I sprang, as did my wife and children,
from sugar-encrusted maize crumbs scattered
when the boy shook the dust from our packet
before he scissored along the broken lines.

Lately we've realized we are far from
alone. On the wall above the boy's bed
shines the spiral galaxy of the Fruit Loops.
Its glittery arms, glued down with Pritt,
sparkle like the boulevards of exotic cities.
Last week we sent our first hailing signal.

By peeling Sellotape ends and trimming
cardboard planks, I've engineered a probe.
Our race's first spacecraft, laden with film,
art, poems, diaries, recorded song. Naked
but for airbrushed groins, two cornflakes
hold hands, eyes locked on Andromeda.